

A
COLLECTION
OF
LOVE-LETTERS.

TO WHICH IS ADDED
THE HISTORY OF SYLVIA:



Sold by S. GAMIDGE, at Prior's Head, WORCESTER.
[Price One Penny.]



A COLLECTION OF LOVE-LETTERS



LETTER I.

A Declaration of Love.

IF it be a crime in me, Madam, to love
 I it is your fair self that is the occasion
 of it; and if it be a crime in me to confess
 I do, it is myself only that is faulty.
 I confess, it was in my power to have forbore
 writing, but I am satisfied I could never have
 seen you, but the language of my looks would
 have disclosed the secret; and to what purpose
 it to pretend to conceal a flame that will disclose
 itself by its own light? In my opinion, there is
 more confession in disordered actions, frequent
 sighs, or a complaining countenance, than in
 the artful expressions the tongue can utter. I
 been struggling with myself these three months

discover a thing, which I now must do in three words, and that is, that *I adore you*; and I am sure, if you will be just to yourself, you cannot be unjust to me as to question the reality of this discovery; for it is impossible for you to be ignorant of the charms you possess; nobody can be such, and yet unacquainted with their stores. And therefore, since it is certain, you every thing wonderfully engaging, you must not take it ill, that my taste is as curious as another's; I should do an injury to my own judgment if it were not. I am not, Madam, so vain as to believe any thing I can act or utter should ever persuade you to retain the least kind regard in recompence of the pain I suffer: I only beg leave and liberty to complain: they that are hurt in service are permitted to shew their wounds, and the more gallant the conqueror the more generous is his compassion. I ventured last night to falter out my misfortune, it was almost dark, and I attempted it with greater boldness; nay, you yourself, cruel and charming as you are, must needs take notice of my disorder. Your sentences were short and reprovings; your answers cold; and your manner, contrary to your usual and peculiar sweetness, was severe and forbidding; yet in spite of all the awe and chill respect you put on, you must always appear most adorable to, MADAM,

Your most lost and

unfortunate humble Servant.

LETTER II.

An Assurance of Love.

MADAM,

THERE is now no minute of my life that does not afford some new argument how much I love you. The little joy I take in every thing wherein you are not concerned; the pleasing perplexity of endless thought which I fall into whenever you are brought to my remembrance; and lastly, the continual disquiet I am in, during your absence, convince me sufficiently that I do you justice in loving you, so as woman was never loved before. I am, &c.



LETTER III.

From a Lover to a young Lady, expressing his easiness at being obliged to behave to her with difference.

Dearest BELVIDERA,

I Hurried away from you, in order to be more with you than I could be where I then was for your uncle observed me in such a particular manner, that I durst not so much as look at you. Nay, as he has a great deal of discernment, I was afraid that very affection would betray me;

be with you, and not to gaze on you, is so
 down an impossibility, that a contrary beha-
 our might well be suspected of design. Consi-
 er how much a person must endure, who, being
 most famished with thirst, beholds a clear deli-
 cious stream, but dares not touch it, and you will
 be able to form some idea of the tortures I was in
 this afternoon, when I was obliged to behave with
 difference to my dearest Belvidera. They say it
 is a great addition to the torments of hell, that the
 inhabitants there are able to behold the felicities
 of heaven, and cannot enjoy them; and that was
 my case to day; for my dearest Belvidera is
 in heaven of heavens. However, tho' I am ab-
 sent from you, I have at least no witness of my
 passion, and the pleasure of telling it to you only.
 How happy should I be, could I persuade you of
 my real violence, and that you are certainly the
 most unjust person in the world, if its sincerity
 is unrewarded. I am, *Your faithful* POLYDORE.

g his
 with

L E T T E R IV.

be m
 hen w
 partic
 k at y
 nt, I
 me;

from Belvidera to Polydore, acquainting him that
she is going into the Country.

My POLYDORE,

TO-morrow I set out for the country, and
 with no regret I assure you but that of leav-
 ing you. The person I am going to, will be no con-

solation to me; and therefore if I receive any satisfaction in my journey, it will be entirely owing to your fidelity. Adieu, think of me, or for ever to get what I promised you. BELTIDERA.

BELTIDERA.



LETTER V.

*From Polydore to Belvidera, on being informed that
she was so ill as to be attended by a Physician.*

My dearest dearest BELVIDERA,

CONSIDER the Excess of my Passion, and you will be able to guess how much I am shocked on being informed of your illness. I am extremely impatient to know what effect the doctor's medicines have had upon my dear patient. Heaven grant he may restore you speedily. If it were in the power of the physician to give you a medicine that would convey you into my arms as often as I wish it; and yet my affection is of so pure a nature, that I could patiently endure even the pain of your absence, I thought the country would be of any service to you; but I am inclinable to think the town will agree with you full as well, in this inclement season, but of this you are better able to judge. But give me leave to make one request, which is that you will take care of yourself, for the sake of one whose happiness is centered in thee alone.

I am, my dearest Belvidera, ever th

B E

My de

AM 1

my b

u: Kn

y foul,

e malac

Not old



POLY

My dear

HAVE

if you

me kno

prove c

ufficient

r to my

only to

U. T. F. 1977

• 1

videra

e propo

THE FLOW
each other

EACH OLD

L E T T E R VI.

BELVIDERA'S Answer.

My dearest POLYDORE,

AM so well convinced of your sincerity, that my bosom shall be no longer a stranger to you: Know that you alone are the physician of my soul, and it is in thy power alone to cure all the maladies of

BELVIDERA.



L E T T E R VII.

POLYDORE to BELVIDERA.

My dearest dearest BELVIDERA,

HAVE provided a licence and ring, to which if you have any objection, I beg you will let me know by the return of the post: But if you prove of my proceeding, your silence will be sufficient testimony; and I will immediately repair to my dearest Belvidera, to take possession of my only treasure. I am,

Thy anxious POTYDORE

Belvidera not answering this letter, he went, and he proposed to celebrate the nuptials; and they are now extremely happy in the possession of each other.

In order to guard the Ladies against the wiles of perfidious men, I shall relate the following short History.

SYLVIA was a beautiful young lady; but misfortunes of her family prevented the gentlemen from making their addresses on an honorable score, as did the modesty of her behavior from approaching her on any other; and she lived to the age of eighteen without being able to find she had any one man who had declared himself her lover.

But among the number of those who had loved in secret admired her, there was one, whom I shall call Lothario, who presuming on his great estate, fine person, and former successes with the fair sex, at last ventured to tell her what none before him had ever done.

In short her young heart was insensibly caught with the fine things he said to her, and she could not help feeling that pleasure which none but those who love are capable of, whenever she either saw or heard him. Great was the progress she had made in her affection, before she suspected he had any other design upon her than such as prudence, as well as inclination, would permit to encourage; but happening to be alone with him one evening, he began to take some liberties with her, which very much alarmed her modesty.

And notwithstanding he endeavoured to excuse the boldness he had been guilty of, by pleading the excess of his passion, she resolved to sound the tocsin of his design, which if she perceived was not conformable to those rules she wished it might be, she would tear herself from his conversation, as it was to her, and never see him more. She was, however, in some debate within herself, in what manner she should break the matter to him. To write her mind to him on this affair seemed rather too bold, but she found an absolute necessity of knowing what she had to expect from him; and this was the method she at last made use of, which was in the following words :

I R,

THE little experience I have in writing letters, especially to your sex, renders this assumption, which can be excused by nothing but the cause that enforces me to it. You know, the misfortunes of my family, and that I have nothing but my virtue and reputation that I can call my own : — The first will doubtless call in question the two others, should I continue to list to the addresses of a gentleman of your fortune : — Permit me, therefore, for the future, to spare myself the honour of your visits ; the distance between us will not allow me to think you will condescend to make them for any other end than amusement ; and, how low soever I am re-

duced, I have too much pride to be the proposer of it.

Were it possible, which I am far from the necessity of imagining, that you really found any thing in me worthy of a serious attachment, you very sensible I am under the care of an uncle, ought to be made acquainted with it, and what you cannot suppose will make any objection to what he finds is for the true interest of one who shares so much of his own blood.

In consulting him on the affair, you will have the best proof of your sincerity, and is the best means to satisfy the scruples of

SYLVIA

Sylvia certainly took a very proper method to discharge what her virtue and prudence demanded from her, and to prove whether his affection was sterling or base, but his desisting to visit her afterwards has proved it to be the latter.

L E T T E R VIII.

To C H L O E.

COULD I see you without passion, or be content from you without pain, I need not ask your pardon for thus renewing my vows, I love you more than health, or any happiness now or hereafter. Every thing you do is a new proof to me; and tho' I have languished for two

ious years of desire, jealousy, and despair; yet
ry minute I see you, I still discover something
and more bewitching. Consider how I love
! What I would not renounce or enterprize
you. I must have you mine or I am misera-
; and nothing but knowing which shall be the
py hour, can make the rest of my life tole-
le. Give me a word or two of comfort, or
olve never to look with common goodness on
more; for I cannot bear a kind look, and
er it a cruel denial. This minute my heart
es for you; and, I cannot have a right in
rs, I wish it would ache till I could complain
you no longer. Remember poor *T. B.*

L E T T E R IX.

To a Lady who accused him of Indifference.

AM troubled at the soul, to find my dearest life express herself with so much concern: I sure till death makes me cold, I shall never be to one whose so entirely I am, not so much by words, as by the sincerest passion and inclination. my kind, dear, engaging creature, sooner utter one sigh which is not for you, I would be to be the contempt of mankind, and an enemy of my own loathed being. Your person too charming, your manner too winning, your principles too honourable, ever to let a heart es-

cape that you have once made entirely your own
And when mine is not so, may it fester in
breast of,

Yours, &c



LETTER X.

*To a Lady, after the Day of Marriage
fixed.*

MADAM,

IT is the hardest thing in the world to be
in love and yet attend business. As for me,
that speak to me find me out, and I must
myself up, or other people will do it for me.
A gentleman asked this morning what news from
Holland, and I answered she is exquisitely happy
some. Another desired to know when I had been
last at Windsor, I replied, she designs to go with
me. Prithee allow me at least to kiss your hand
before the appointed day, that my mind may be
in some composure. Methinks I could write a
volume to you; but all the language on earth
would fail in saying how much, and with what
disinterested passion, I am,

Ever Yours, &c

LETTER XI.

To the Same.

Dear Creature,

NEXT to the influence of heaven, I am to thank you that I see the returning day with pleasure to pass my evenings in so sweet a conversation, and to have the esteem of a woman of your merit, has in it a particularity of happiness, more to be expressed than returned; but I am contented, my lovely creature, to be on the oblique side, and to employ all my days in endeavours to convince you and all the world of the use I have of your condescension in chusing,

*Madam,**Your most faithful, most obedient Servant.*

LETTER XII.

From a Lover to a Lady, on the Recovery of her Health.

AS I cannot reflect upon the melancholy appearance of things on Monday and Tuesday last without an affliction inexpressible, so I cannot think on the happy change without the most grateful pleasure! How my soul sunk when I found the tenderest part of my soul seized with indisposition, her colour faded, the usual gai-

ety of temper eclipsed, her tongue faltering
 her air languishing, and the charming lustre
 her eyes setting and decayed ! Instead of kin
 expressions full of love and endearments, I cou
 hear nothing but complaints, and the melanc
 ly effects of a growing illness. It is true m
 dearest life, tho' you are as beautiful as light, th
 sweet and tender as a flower in spring, tho' gay an
 chearful as dawning youth, yet all these perfe
 tions that captivate others, cannot secure y
 against the tyranny of Distempers : Sicknes
 no regard to your innocence ; but the same ru
 fling tempest that tears up the common weed
 blasts also the fragrant blushing rose : But now
 the eternal peace of my satisfied mind, the fev
 ish heat is extinguished, and your charms rec
 ver their usual heavenly brightness : I am the
 happy wretch that feels their force, and confus
 of a fever never to be extinguished, but w
 the life of,

Madam, Yours, &c

L E T T E R XIII.

To a L A D Y.

MADAM,

LOVE is never free from fears, and my
 faging mind bids me not be too confid
 If there be any sympathy in our souls, as the

our manners, humours, I am sure you must be very much indisposed; for all night long dreadful fancies haunted me, and drove all soft and pleasing ideas from me. The same rest which guilty despairing wretches and feverish souls find in the midst of their agonies, was my lot all night long. I could not, durst not slumber; and as my love grew more outrageous, my apprehensions about you were more distracting. I cannot be well till I see you, which if it be with your usual charming gaiety, I shall be the most blessed of mortals: But if pale sickness sit upon your lips, heaven grant it may also freeze the blood

Yours, &c.

L E T T E R XIV.

a Lady who talked of retiring from the World.

MADAM,

SINCE you are going to quit the world, I think myself obliged, as a member of that world, to use the best of my endeavours to divert you from so ill-natur'd an inclination; therefore, by reason your visits will take up so much of this day, I have debarred myself the opportunity of waiting on you this afternoon, that I may take a time you are more mistress of, and when you shall have more leisure to hear, if it be possible

for any arguments of mine to take place in heart, I am afraid too much hardened against me. I must confess, it may look a little extraordinary for one under my circumstances, to endeavour the confirming your good opinion when it had been much better for me one of had never seen it: For nature disposed me from my creation to love, and my ill fortune has condemned me to doat on one, who certainly could never have been deaf so long to so faithful a passion, had nature disposed her from her creation to hate any thing but me. I beg you to forgive me this trifling; for I have so many thoughts of this nature, that it is impossible for me to take pen and ink in my hand and keep them quiet; especially when I have the least pretence to let you know, that you are the cause of the severest sorrows, that ever touched the heart of

T. B.

F I N I S.